A Christian

ADMONITION

OR

Friendly Exhortation, sent to WILLIAM LAWD, late Arch-bishop of Canterbury, now Prisoner in the Tower.

Dedicated to all those that seeke for the peace of *Sion*, by the conversion of her Enemies. M. B.

When thou thine Enemy dost see,
In great distresse and misserie,
Pray for his State, and Counsell give,
That so his soule in peace may live.
13. Luke. 34.
As fragrant sweet perfumes the heart rejoyce,
So doth good Counsell from a friendly voyce.
27. Proverb. 9.

A Christian Admonition, or friendly Exhortation to *William Laud*, late Archbishop *of Canterbury*.

My Lord:

MY Idle Muse that long hath bin at ease,
Not daring to lanche forth into the seas
Of these distemper'd times, doth now at last
Her former sluggishnesse quite frō her cast,
And with earnest desiers which are not weake,
Witheth she might one word unto you speake:
But not to jeere your Lordship; No not I,
It is a thing I alwayes did defie;
But in plaine honest termes, let me begin,
A soule-convincing song to you to sing.
What was the cause! O thou that sate so high,
To steare the sterne of our prosperity:
That thou so plainly to the world did'st show,
Thou sought'st to guide us to our overthrow?
What was the reason! may I be so bold
To aske the question, was it store of Gold
Thou did'st aime at, for to gratifie,
Thy vast desiers, and to satisfie
Thy covetous and carnall appetite,
And by that meanes to raise thee up delight?
Then hadst thou thy desiers, gold good store
Came in unto thee, dayly more and more;
Thousands, yea many thousands was the rate,
Which came in yearly thee to satiate;
Thy lands and livings which are large and great,
Thy Courts, wherein was thy judicall seat,

Thy

Thy fees, thy fines, thy Incomes every way,
Still brought thee ſtore of gold both night & day,
Yet was all this too little, that thou muſt
Seeke ſtill for more, by wayes which were unjuſt?
Muſt thou take bribes? Nay, which me thinkes is
Sell juſtice to augment thy boundles ſtore, (more?
Yea ſell judiciall places too, which were
Miſuſed by them, that bought them for to reare
Their ſummes of money up againe and ſo,
Injuſtice from thy Courts did daily flo?
Or was it honour, that thou ſought'ſt to gaine?
Did that vaine ſhadow flote upon thy braine?
Did thy deſires ſtrive to pluck that floure,
Which wither will, thou ſeeſt in halfe an houre?
Why then thou had'ſt it in a large degree,
No man in all the land exceeded thee.
Thy place and perſon both adorned were:
With titles which did ſtore of honours beare?
Thou was't *Arthbiſhop* of old *Canterbury*;
Which title for to grace it, grace did carry;
Primate and *Metropolitan* of all
Thoſe large Confines, which we doe *England* call,
Oxfords chiefe Chancellor thou waſt alſo,
And ruld'ſt that place, from whence great Arts do flo?
Yet all this was too little to content,
Thy large deſiers, which were daily bent,
To be ſome body greater then all this,
Some ſay thou hop'ſt that men thy toe ſhal kiſſe:
For thus they ſay, but 'tis a lye I hope,
Thou look'ſt to be a Cardinall or Pope:
And yet tis evident thou faine wouldſt be
Something above the pitch of thy degree:

Or elſe thou wouldſt not have us guided all
By Lawes which onely did thee maker call.
Was it a ſmall thing in thine eyes to be
Rais'd to a place of ſo much dignitie:
From ſuch a meane and low degree as thou,
Made Lord of them, and they to thee muſt bow;
Which did deſerve the place better then thee,
Except that thou might'ſt uſe ſuch tyrannie
Over thy brethren, as to make them yeeld
To what thou pleaſedſt, or to flye the field:
Or elſe both ſoules and bodies beare the thrall,
Which from thy ſterne auſteritie did fall?
What was the cauſe, I pray thee let us know,
(And now at laſt in plaine tearmes to us ſhow:)
Thou ſoughteſt for to lead us in a way,
Which God hath not commanded to obey?
What didſt thou make thy ſelfe? a God on Earth?
Haſt thou forgot the place of thy meane birth,
That thou ſo proudly ſhouldſt upon thee take,
New duties, and new Doctrines for to make:
And by thy ſtrict command inforce us all,
Thy wayes, the wayes of God and truth to call?
And to that end didſt many men exalt,
Which 'twixt thy waies, & Gods did alwais halt,
And gav'ſt them ſtore of *worldly wealth* and places,
Still favouring them in their baſe ſinfull caſes:
That ſo they might preach thee not *Chriſt* to men,
Nay many thou exaltſt, which with their pen;
And in their preaching too, did much diſgrace
The name of *Chriſt*, and ſought for to deface
That glorious name, by which we ſaved are;
And all to make thy wayes and ends ſeeme faire:

And if a zealous Paſtor did deſire,
To doe that which his calling did require:
Which was to tell the people of their ſinne,
And ſhew them the true way for to walke in,
Then preſently, he muſt ſuſpended be,
And quite depoſed of his Miniſtery;
Though ne're ſo antient, learned, grave, and wiſe:
Yet all this ſeemed nothing in your eyes?
Though wife and children ſhould a begging goe,
You did not care, you did not feele their woe,
And ſome baſe fellow then his place muſt take,
Which never any Conſcience yet did make
Of what he taught, or how he lived, onely
To pleaſe your grace, he alwayes had an eye,
And would at your command, both cringe & bow
And ſing a Maſſe, if you would it allow:
They were the men you did ſo much eſteeme;
And thoſe that lik'd thē, you did *Chriſtians* deem:
But could your Lordſhip any way believe
That *Chriſtians* true could any credit give,
To ſuch baſe, idle, *ſuperſtitious* ſots,
That beſt could preach over their *Taverne pots*?
No! though your grace thought ignorance to be
The Mother of devotion, yet did we
Juſtly believe, that 'twas the onely way,
Both ſoules and bodies utterly to ſlay,
But now me thinkes, I heare your grace reply
(Willing to cleare your ſelfe) and to denie
What here you are accuſed off, and ſay,
You did not ſeeke to walke this crooked way,
But all you did, was for to pleaſe the King,
That you his profit and content might bring:

You ſought the peace and welfare of the Land,
And ſought to give content upon each hand?
But pray my Lord, doe not your ſelfe deceive:
'Tis now hye time this lying plea to leave.
What? would you make us ſtill beleeve, that we
Cannot the truth from ſo much falſhood ſee?
What! did you rule the King, or he rule you?
Surely I thinke the former to be true;
For he good man put all his truſt in you,
And what you did, he thought muſt needs be true:
Impoſſible it was, he thought, that he,
That raiſed was unto that high degree,
By his meere favour, ſhould ſo baſely deale
From him and his Gods truth for to conceale:
But yet ſuppoſe, the King command ſhould give
To doe that, which might his true ſubjects grieve;
Yet it had bin your dutie to have ſhowne
His Majeſtie the truth, and have made knowne
His dutie to his God, and to his Land,
And ſo have cauſed him to underſtand
The inconveniences that would ariſe,
From ſuch things, which Gods people did deſpiſe.
But now, I hope your wiſedome will ſuppoſe,
Your vices onely I ſeeke to diſcloſe;
And by that meanes, ſeeke for to amplifie,
And to increaſe your former miſerie;
But ile aſſure you, that was not the end;
For which this ſhort epiſtle now was pen'd;
But my aime was, if poſſible I might,
Let in your Conſcience ſo much godly light,
Which now at laſt, might cauſe you to begin
With true remorſe to looke upon your ſinne.

O! that I now ſuch rhetorick could uſe:
Or that my lines ſuch vertue could infuſe
Into your heart, as now might cauſe you make
A narrow ſearch, and a ſtrickt notice take
Of that foule, blacke, miſhappen ugly ſin:
Which you theſe many yeares have lived in!
Alas! you know, that *Ieſus Chriſt* came downe,
To levell *Ceremonies* with the ground:
They did him and his Office typifie,
And he once come, they all muſt ſtraightway die;
And yet, you needs muſt ſet them up again,
And none muſt from their exerciſe refraine:
Chriſt did all *Altars* utterly deface,
That in his *Church* they never might have place:
He made their ſtone like chalk-ſtones of the field
Which little profit doe to any yeeld,
And yet you needs muſt them again erect,
And they forſooth muſt needs be trimly deckt
With ſuperſtitious Romiſh relicks baſe;
Which doe all *Chriſtianitie* deface.
What did you think that *Chriſt* muſt come again,
And here ſubmit himſelfe for to be ſlaine;
To cleare the world of thoſe enormities,
Which *Antichriſt* doth on the earth deviſe?
No certainly, he ſhorter worke will make,
And ere long, to a ſtrict account him take:
Therefore I would intreat you now at laſt,
All ſelfe-conceitedneſſe from you to caſt;
And looke upon your ſelfe, juſt as you are:
Let not your ſelfe, your ſelfe, in pitty ſpare;
And ſee what folly, yea what madneſſe made,
You in that blacke and muddie waters wade?

Yea now the daies you have to live are few,
If Justice spare, yet Nature claimes her due,
An will ere long in you be satisfied,
It is a debt which cannot be denied:
Therefore in time, while it is cal'd to day,
The voice of *Christian* Counsell now obey,
And looke for mercie; fos it may be found,
God still will heare your true repenting sound.
Looke upon him, whom you have crucified,
Looke upon him, whom you have so denied;
Looke upon him, whose truth ye sought to hide,
He never mercie any man denied?
He died for them, which did his death conspire,
He died for them, which did his death desire:
And therefore died for you, and *I*, and all,
That can for mercie from his sinnings call:
O! therefore let not grace resisted be
By blacke despaire, that mortall enemie,
Of every sinner, whose chiefe strength doth lye
In ignorance of Christs sufficiencie:
Whose pretious bloud doth in it power beare
The greatest sinners soule from sin to cleare.
Which that it may doe yours, my praier shall be
To God alone which doth all secrets see:
That he would all your hainous sins passe over,
And with *Christs* blood all your offences cover;
That so your soule being free from *Satans* bands,
He may receive it in his heavenly hands.

FINIS.

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